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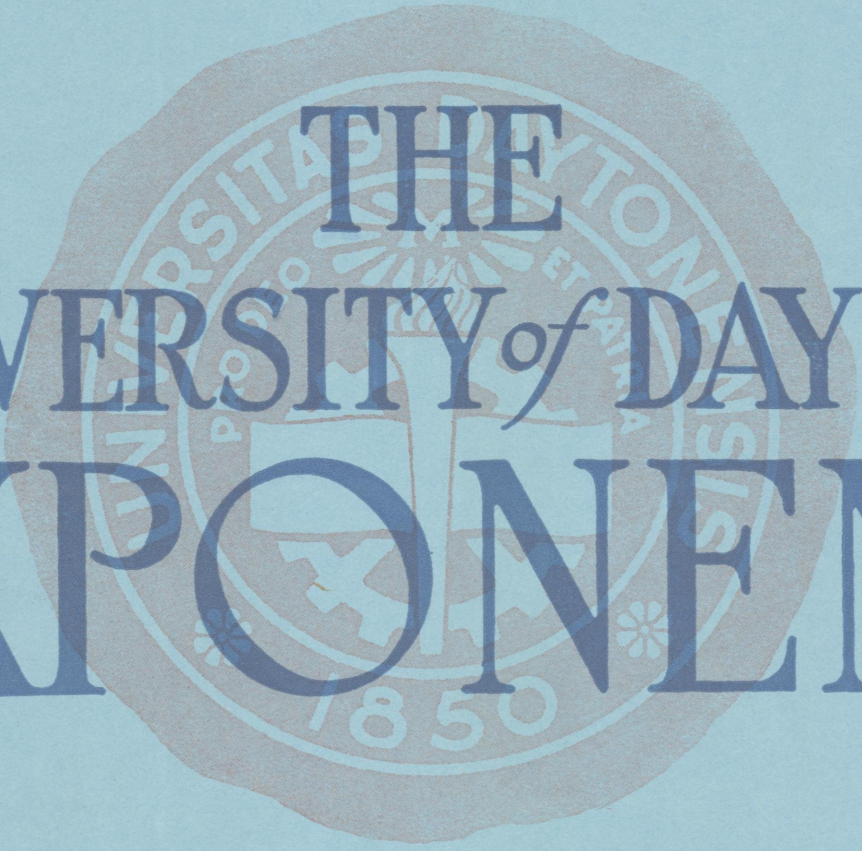
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The background of the cover features a large, faint, circular watermark of the University of Dayton seal. The seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" around the top and "1850" at the bottom. In the center of the seal is a shield with a cross and a book.

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# The University of Dayton Exponent

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OCTOBER, 1931

No. 9

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"You say that he was broadminded," I interjected hurriedly. Juggins could dun me on the old score another time, that night I was too depressed. "In what way do you mean?"

"Why in the only way," said my host taking a turn about the room, "He acknowledged that there was such a thing as truth and such a thing as knowledge. He believed in a God, and necessarily in a criterion for his actions. He was very intelligent and broadminded."

"I can't see how his acceptance of such things would make him broadminded."

Juggins stood before me emphatically expressing his point. "You don't? The difference between this man and those that call themselves broadminded is that he has an infinite scope for his thought, and they close pious eyes to everything that is not underneath their noses; anything that they cannot physically dissect and examine. Of course we enlightened ones know that he could not be so broad as the genius that declares there is no truth at all, nor a way of knowing the truth. Too many people mean scatter-brained when they say broadminded. They call a man broadminded who says one thing and does another, or who disclaims any responsibility in his neighbor's actions, or who pleads that the only truth is anarchy and contradiction."

I said nothing.

"A funny thing," said Juggins musingly, "the number of narrowminded persons who are always throwing the accusation of narrowmindedness in the face of those unfortunate enough to disagree with them. They want everyone to be broadminded about their own personal opinions."

"I agree with you; but really there is a place, even a necessity for broadmindedness and tolerance."

"There speaks popular opinion." Juggins rudely said. "Yes, there is a place for broadmindedness, but not the place that is usually assigned to it. In most cases the plea of tolerance (there's another thing) and broadmindedness is nothing less than an alibi for intellectual laziness, or a poor excuse for a lack of courage. We cannot be tolerant of error; we cannot look at the facts of the case with broadminded cross-eyes. Those two catch words are a modern plague. They are used constantly in cases where it is nonchantly premised that one opinion is as good as another. Cases that are not a matter of opinion."

"But my dear fellow, one cannot be constantly jamming the truth down one's friend's throats. Imagine saying: 'Here, you're wrong. Such and such are the facts. Don't let me hear you say that again.'"

"Not quite that bad," laughed Juggins, "but seriously, would that do as much harm as to leave your supposed friend to continue in his way of propagandist for error? I assure you that those who are slightly twisted or cracked are more ardent apostles of their creed than we who know the truth. Another slight error in your statement; if his intellect were not hampered by prejudice or otherwise impaired, a logical presentation of the case would force his acquiescence. But you fear for your popularity, and have lost the ability to speak and debate intelligently. You are afraid to attack a problem from the front, and offer as an excuse the feelings of your fellow man. Why the sudden squeamishness?"

"Well, you see, one doesn't like to make enemies—"

"Yet one cannot be a true friend. One cannot prevent him from making serious error, perhaps to his eternal detriment. On the other hand one does not care much if one makes enemies in business as long as it is profitable. Have you all become effeminate fools? Forgotten how to fight a glorious fight? Are you neither fish nor flesh? Are light and dark the same thing to you? Believe me, you will find that the Prince of Light and the Prince of Darkness are not the same. And you cannot stand between them. You cannot compromise there. You must choose!"

"Well, really—"

"Yes, really. You know:

'The time has come the walrus said  
To talk of many things'

The time has come for us to talk of many things, too. Yes, and the time has come for us to do many things. Even if we lose our lives in the attempt. But perhaps such a thing as death is too medievally, melodramatic for our fine noses. Yet, our noses shall smell it just as much as the medieval nose for all our sticking it higher in the air."

"Yes, I know, but what can we do Juggins?"

My friend relit his pipe, which had gone out during his heated oration, and thoughtfully walked the floor. Finally he turned to me.

"This summer I had a visit from a very good friend. He is a young man. Attends a good Catholic college. They have a problem at that college. There are the usual number of social activities during the year in the form of dances. These dances are well conducted. Yet at every one of them a certain element of the school becomes, as they say, 'plastered.' Now, the rest of the students do not regard this practice with favor. They are not prohibitionist. In fact they are opposed to prohibition. They are not goody-goody. Yet they know the value of the good name of the school. They know



the value of good example, both because they are collegians, and because they are Catholic. They take girl friends to these dances that are respectable and respected. The girl friends want to be taken to the dances, so they pretend to be good sports. Believe me the girl friends are fools if they practice tolerance in this matter. Drunkenness in mixed company is throwing matches at a barrel of gunpowder. The students who want this nuisance

put to an end are in the majority. But they are also afraid that they will be considered pariahs. As you said earlier they do not want to make enemies. They are in the majority, remember. It is not necessary for them to make personal enemies. But they must make an enemy of one thing."

"What is that?"

"The evil itself," said Juggins. "Good night."

## *Summer Is Gone*

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*I see the trees are growing bare,  
I see the grass out on the lawn  
Is turning dull in autumn air.  
Summer is gone.*

*I see the birds, now high, now low,  
Toward southern skies are winging on.  
The flowers are drooping too, I know.  
Summer is gone.*

*The sky is darker now at eve,  
When sunlight dies, the day is done,  
Yet night is longer, I believe,  
When Summer is gone.*

*The apples now are stored away,  
And pumpkins glimmer like a dawn.  
But I can only sigh and say;  
"My Summer is gone."*



# Through the Rings

## *An Interplanetary Story*

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

*Mr. Hoefler, although sojourning among the Seminole Indians, continues to contribute. His writings in the Post Vernian School of Literature were so popular that we offer another of his Interplanetary stories.*

THE EDITOR.

THE air-trolley paused at the landing stage of the Solar Building. Charles Russell, A. E.; S. E. and a few other things besides, dismounted. He hesitated a moment on the roof of the three-hundred-story skyscraper and gazed at the seemingly narrow street below. Busy office workers hurried past him to the elevator that sank at tremendous speed into the bowels of the concrete monster upon which he stood. He could see airliners far out over the Atlantic. The artificial canyon was filled with small craft. He breathed deeply. He knew it must be hot down below, but on this rectangular mountain, the air was sweet, cool and pure. He glanced at his watch. He must soon relieve Jannings in the tower. The buzz of propellers alarmed him. He stepped back hurriedly. A wing almost struck him as the pilot brought his flivver-plane to rest on the broad roof.

"Confound these smart alec pilots!" he muttered. "Their licenses ought to be revoked."

He ignored the pilot who was grinning at him in a provoking manner and descended to the floor below by means of a steps near at hand. He stepped into the base of the observatory. Jannings was sitting amid a large number of instruments, the least of which was not the gigantic telescope. A few casual words passed between them and Jannings departed. Charles Russell was no longer himself. He had become nothing but a cog in the great Spacelines, Inc. As the Chief Astro-Engineer it was his duty to keep in touch with the space-pilots and warn them of any danger on their route, such as comets, meteor streams and so on. A glance at the telescopic screens convinced him, that for the present, all was well. An assistant brought him the reports of the night before. He followed that with

a personal conversation with the pilots of each of the Spaceline liners by means of the ethergraph. The day passed without anything occurring out of the routine of duty. Two o'clock arrived and another Astro-Engineer relieved him. He shed his official care. He was again Charles Russell. Russell very humanly remembered that he had engagement with Marilyn within ten minutes. He donned his coat and hat and ascended to the roof of the Solar Building. He caught a trolley and flew to his home on Long Island. From the garage he took out his private plane, which he did not use in going to work due to parking worries. Exactly as the tenth minute after two ticked its way into eternity he alighted on the roof of the King home. Marilyn was waiting for him. There followed a few casual words of greeting and Russell asked,

"What shall it be? Shall we go to the museum and see the first Ford and the 'Spirit of St. Louis?'"

"No, I've seen them," Marilyn King answered him. "Let us go out in the park. I'd like to just talk."

They descended into the interior of the house and went out of it to a small park, which surrounded the King home. Russell became conscious for the first time of a restraint in her manner. Marilyn had been cordial enough before. They seated themselves upon a bench by fern-bordered, artificial pool. The conversation was desultory until Russell asked,

"Marilyn, why should we not become engaged now? I am commanding an enviable salary on the Spacelines staff, and we love each other."

"Yes?" she asked.

Her accent made Russell wince. He asked quickly but earnestly,

"You will marry me, won't you, Marilyn?"

"No," she replied deliberately.

Russell was stricken dumb in his disappointment. For the space of some minutes he said nothing. Then he said bitterly,

"I guess the daughter of Cyrus King, president



of the Spacelines, Inc., considers herself too good for a simple engineer."

"No, no, it isn't that," Marilyn said quickly.

"Then it is somebody else?" Russell asked candidly.

"Yes, Jonathan Towne."

"If I am not too inquisitive, just why did you—ah—switch your affections to him?" Russell asked in wonder.

"Because he's wonderful. He is a man that goes out and does things. Look at the many daring things that he has done. Is it any wonder that father made him the Captain of the best space-ship he has, the 'Manhattan Mercury.' And look at you! Will you forever waste your time in a musty observatory. If you were only different, I might be different. If you only went out to explore strange planets, live the life of adventure, I might grow to love you."

Russell said simply, "I'll never give you up, Marilyn. May I call on you tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow I am leaving on the 'Martian' for Uranus. There I am to meet Jonathan. We are to be married there and the return trip is to be our honeymoon. Won't you wish me luck, Charley?"

"I hope you will be happy," Russell said doubtfully.

He took his leave of the girl and soon was bound again for his home. He muttered aloud over the soft drone of the motor.

"Though we be in the year of the Lord, 2531, human nature has never changed since the time of Adam. The cave-girl wanted a strong warrior. The maid of mediaeval times wanted her knight of the milk-white steed. Now the modern miss wants her space explorer and adventurer. Man has changed the face of the earth mightily; he has solved the mysteries of nature, yet he can never change woman. They will never realize that we are but tiny, passing motes in the great cosmos. Well, if she wants me to be a space explorer, so be it. I'll hand in my resignation at once."

He landed his plane on the roof of the Solar Building. He visited the observatory and found all going well. He turned the etherscope upon the planet Saturn. It was the only planet of the solar system that had never been explored. Its bands of meteors and moons, revolving about it at terrific speed, made an exploration of its surface impossible. The Sixth planet had been Russell's study ever since he had left the technical school. His thesis was nearly complete. He believed that it was possible to land on a certain spot of Saturn, by timing the dash through the treacherous rings. He fully realized the danger of the undertaking. Many good space-ships had been beaten to pieces

by Saturn's numberless meteors. Only last year Haskins had started on a expedition of exploration to Saturn. He had had a theory that by sending the spaceship into the meteor swarm at the same speed of the revolving rings, he could gradually work his way into the safety of the Saturn atmosphere. The expedition had never been heard from. Russell's theory was slightly different. He had mapped, after long study of the bands, every large meteor of the rings. He had noticed that at certain days of the month there appeared a gap in the rings. By timing the descent, he was certain that a landing could be made upon Saturn.

He descended to the floor below. In the outer office he asked for permission to see Cyrus King. A secretary conferred a moment with the inner office via a television-speaker arrangement and then motioned Russell toward the door. He stepped on a sliding floor which carried him toward King's door. As he neared it, the knobless, hingeless portal raised silently, permitting the sliding floor to carry him into the inner sanctum. Then the door dropped into its place behind him. A moment later he was standing beside the president's desk. The floor stopped. King regarded him in that fatherly manner that he used toward all his employees.

"Well, Charley, what is it?"

"I have come to offer my resignation, sir." Russell said.

King was not surprised. He smiled a moment and then said,

"So Marilyn has told you. But you need not resign just because of a little thing like that. There are lots of girls in the Pan-American Union, a lot more in the United States of Europe, and—well, I could go on indefinitely."

"I am determined to resign. If I do not I am certain to lose her. She gave as the reason for her refusal that I never did anything but waste my time in a musty observatory. She wants her hero to be an explorer—like Towne. I am going to personally conduct that attempt to land on Saturn which we have been planning. My thesis is nearly complete. If it's romance and adventure that she wants instead of research and cosmic mathematics, well, I'll endeavor to comply."

King whistled softly.

"So that's how the wind blows. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll not accept your resignation. I'll give you a two weeks' vacation so you may finish your plans. Then we'll try it out."

"But in the meantime Towne will have married Marilyn on Uranus," Russell objected.

"And that's all that counts," observed King with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, I'd make a mighty poor president for Spacelines if I couldn't fix that. I'll



arrange to have the 'Martian' held so long at Mars that she can never hope to meet the 'Manhattan Mercury' at Uranus. The 'Manhattan' dare not break schedule either. If that doesn't delay the wedding another three months, I do not know what will. The Lord knows I do not want Towne for a son-in-law. He's a good pilot but he is too domineering. Marilyn will not be able to see him at all after you return triumphantly from Saturn."

"Thank you, sir," Russell grasped the president's hand. "You've just about saved my life. Now I have the incentive to go to work on the rough points of our plans. When the 'Manhattan Mercury' returns, you may start outfitting her for the expedition. It will have to be a volunteer crew, you know."

"You may go now. Take care of yourself. You're worth more to us than a hundred pilots," and King dismissed him.

For a week Russell worked ceaselessly on his plans. He made frequent trips to the observatory to check his findings. All was running smoothly there as his successor proved to be capable. The 'Martian' had been held so long at Mars that it could no longer hope to meet the 'Manhattan Mercury' at either Uranus or Jupiter. She was now nearing Saturn. The 'Manhattan Mercury' was well beyond Uranus, headed back toward the Earth. He noted this with satisfaction. King had kept his part of the bargain. Marilyn could not marry Towne for at least another three months. He returned home and slept better than he had for days.

Russell was awakened by the jangling of his televisior. He pressed a button and stared at the screen in sleepy-eyed wonder. The image of Cyrus King appeared. He noted abstractly that King seemed to be haggard and pale.

"Come down to the office immediately," the president said abruptly.

The televisior darkened without warning. Russell had no time to reply. He realized that something unusual had occurred. Probably they wished his advice on some foreign body crossing the path of the Space-ships. Perhaps the O'Connell Comet had made an earlier appearance than usual.

A short ten minutes later the sliding board was taking him into the inner sanctum. King jerked his head up abruptly.

"So you finally got here. The 'Martian's' atomic motors conked. She fell into the rings of Saturn."

Catastrophe! It was the greatest of the century! Russell grew faint and would have fallen. All he could think of was Marilyn, lost in the treacherous barriers which protect Saturn.

"What time?" he asked thickly.

"At 4:12 A. M." King replied in a dull voice.

"There's a chance!" he shouted in excitement. "At that time there was a path through the rings. DeWitt is quick-witted. He may have seen it."

"Don't torture me," King begged. "Knowledge is terrible but final. Uncertainty is hell!"

"There's a chance. Get your ethergraphers busy trying to get in communication with Saturn!"

At this moment a group of reporters came into the room. The power of the press was as great as it ever was. King referred them to his secretary and then both went to the observatory. A little later the rays of the powerful ethergraphs, backed by a billion kilowatts, were probing the unknown surface of Saturn. For two days there followed a sleepless vigil. Then the report came in faintly,

"Wrecked on Saturn at 31.65 West Longitude and 175.43 South Latitude. Got through the rings by a miracle. There seemed to be a temporary gap. Don't think we can find it again. Conditions livable. Three casualties from heart failure. They are J. Smith of New York, Henry Elwood and Jane Standish of Boston. Am not hoping for rescue. Cannot deceive the passengers much longer.

DeWitt."

It would be futile to describe the joy that followed the receipt of this ethergraph. In the presence of the reporters, King dictated a message, to be sent in answer.

"Expect rescue expedition in about three weeks. We are reasonably sure that we can reach you by way of the Russell plan. Give my love to Marilyn. King."

The Ethergrapher assured King that the message had been received. Then followed feverish days of preparation. When the 'Manhattan Mercury' reached her depot atop the Solar Building, her radium containers were replaced and the ship was groomed for the expedition. The volunteer crew took charge. Russell was placed in command by King. The only flaw occurred when Towne absolutely refused to go on the expedition.

"Why it's suicidal. That message was sent by some crank. If there is an occasional gap in the rings, Haskins would have found it. Look at what happened to him."

"What do you think?" King asked Russell.

"It is a long gamble. The next gap will not occur for a month. Even then there may be a stray meteor that will wreck us. However, I have taken all the precautions that I can. I think the risk is worth it. As for a crank sending the message, the general public did not know the passenger list."

"Can you pilot the 'Mercury?' King asked.

"I learned to pilot space-ships in kindergarten," Russell grinned.



"Very well, Towne, you are relieved of command of the 'Manhattan Mercury,'" King told the doubtful one.

"Very good," Towne replied. "The whole expedition is as good as dead. I'll send you some flowers to take along with you if you wish. You haven't got a chance."

Three weeks later the "Manhattan Mercury" was on the outskirts of "Saturn." They were forced to circle the planet at great speed to prevent being drawn into it by the tremendous magnetic attraction. Anxiously they awaited the appointed hour. Tense nerves became tenser when the chronometer struck off the fatal seconds. Exactly at 4:12 A. M. the great flier darted toward the outward ring. A heavy load lifted from Russell's shoulders as he recognized the expected gap. In a moment the Lyonite hull was thumping with small meteorites. Russell sent the great liner downward at terrific speed. Then there was a short gap of emptiness and they entered the second ring. Several large meteors missed them narrowly. Russell kept a firm grip on the controls. He knew the worst was yet to come. The crew looked behind them and wondered how the flier had ever come through the hurtling, heterogeneous mass behind them unharmed. Then the ship was in the third and last ring. He ducked several large bodies as a football player might elude his foe. He thought that they had won through when a last meteor seemed dashing to close the temporary exit. He seized his only chance. He sent the "Manhattan Mercury" forward at the extreme limits of her splendid motors.

"She just missed us by a hair-breadth," his assistant was whispering in his ear.

They were through the rings! Russell put on the reverse motors. The inertia was terrific. Had it not been for the leather supports many would have sustained injury. Then the crew became conscious of a terrible heat. They had entered the atmosphere of Saturn and at a much greater speed than was good for them. As they slowed to a nor-

mal pace, the hull cooled. Russell immediately steered for the location given by DeWitt. It was an hour before they found the exact spot. There, in a clearing of what appeared to be a tremendous yellow jungle, they found the wrecked "Martian." Slowly they sank to its side.

The excitement of the "Martian" passengers was in decided contrast to the matter-of-fact manner of the space-men. Russell was dictating a message to King, in the ethergraph room, when he felt a presence at his elbow. He directed the ethergrapher to send the message and said to Marilyn,

"I'm sorry that your wedding will be delayed. Jonathan considered this expedition suicidal and did not come with us. We will not be able to leave here for another month. You see we have to wait till nature furnishes us a path once more."

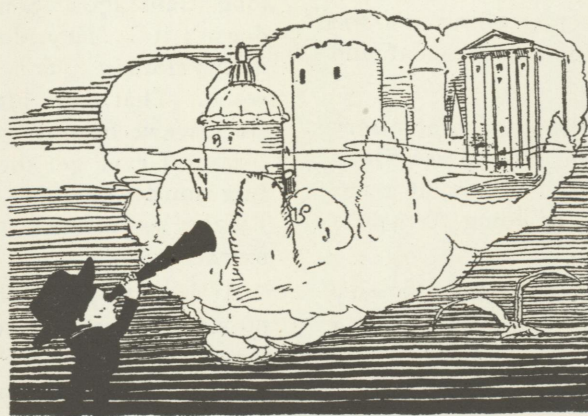
"But— but I do not want to marry Jonathan now," Marilyn protested, toying with his brass buttons.

It was hard to misunderstand her but Russell preferred to. He knew that he had replaced Towne as her knight of space. He, not Towne, had rescued her from the ogre, Saturn.

"Well, space heroes are scarce during these days of safety," Russell smiled. "Where will you find another?"

"I will not have to go far," she assured him with an accent he could not ignore.

But lovers weary the sane. Within a few days a clergyman aboard the "Martian" performed the necessary ceremony. The planet was explored for the remainder of the month and much scientific data was gathered. Russell discovered a safe exit by means of the polar route, a way that had been impossible to use from without due to Saturn's rapid rotation. They attempted this route and succeeded. Then the newlyweds managed to reach Mother Earth before they had their first quarrel. It appeared that Marilyn wanted Russell to make a regular stop on Saturn every trip.





# Let's Abolish Furnaces

*Seasonable and Palatable*

By DON SHARKEY

THE melancholy days are here again. I don't mean because the leaves are falling off the trees, and the woods will soon be black and bare, or because the birds are all leaving for the South. I mean because it is time to start a fire in the furnace.

I long for the good old days when there were no furnaces. Our ancestors had the right idea. All they had to do was to cut down a tree and saw it up into logs and then burn them in a big open fireplace. These fires didn't give much heat, but then they weren't expected to. The people of those days knew they were going to be cold; they took it as a matter of course. Today we never know whether we are going to be too cold or too warm. It's the terrible uncertainty of the thing that palls on a person. We are sure of just one thing: We will never, by any chance, be comfortable.

And then our ancestors weren't bothered by clinkers getting caught in the grate and by being called to the telephone when they were crawling in after them. They never had to worry about tracking ashes across the best rugs, or about sitting in a good chair after they had cleaned the furnace. There's no denying it. Our ancestors were wonderful people. But we haven't had sense enough to follow in their footsteps.

My troubles start in the early fall. Some member of the family will say, "It's sort of chilly in here, isn't it?" I know then that all is lost.

I speak up immediately. "Why no," I say, "I don't think it's chilly. In fact, I think it's too warm," at the same time taking off my coat and rolling up my sleeves.

Maybe that succeeds in putting off the misery for a little while, but not for long. Soon I see someone looking at the thermometer. I say at once, "It's certainly warm in here. I'm going to open a window."

That might put it off one more day, but the very next day someone says, "I think we should have a furnace fire just to take the chill off the house. The bedroom thermometer says sixty-six."

"Yes," I rejoin, "but that thermometer never worked. The one in the hall says seventy."

Then the entire family joins in, and I am defeated.

I clean the ashes out of the furnace every spring, but every fall when it is time to start the fire, I find them all back in. Again this is very mysterious, and the only explanation I can find is that some fiendish person sneaks down into the cellar during the summer and shovels them back into the furnace. I consider this a very lowdown trick and take this occasion to warn the culprit that should I ever meet him face to face I will not be responsible for my actions.

Anyway, I work for hours and finally get them out once more. It is now time to build the fire. I pile in papers, then cardboard, then wood, and lastly coal. With triumph and ashes in my eyes I strike a match and touch it to the paper. The paper blazes up for an instant (but only for an instant) after which the flame dies without so much as putting up a fight. This is rather disheartening. Finally the paper, cardboard and wood burn but not the coal.

By this time the family has become impatient, and they come down to see what is causing the delay. They stand around and offer such helpful remarks as: "Take your time. It doesn't matter if we freeze...Are you sure there's coal in there?... Look how dirty your clothes are...What's the matter? Won't it burn?...I could have had a fire a long time ago...Something seems to be wrong, doesn't it?...Hey, don't bump into me with those dirty clothes...You don't seem to mind using wood. That's the fifteenth big box you've burned since we've been down here."

How I ever get the fire started without committing murder or going crazy is a mystery to me, but I have so far. Or at least I haven't committed murder.

At last, to prove that the age of miracles is by no means over, the fire starts. Now it makes up for lost time. Everyone takes his coat off, and I put mine on. I hear many insulting remarks to the



effect that we could sell our stove because a chicken could be roasted by merely bringing it into the house. The same person who wanted the fire observes that the thermometer in the hall reads eighty-two.

"Well, you wanted the chill taken off, and besides the thermometer in the bedroom says seventy—"

"Yes, but you said that one never worked."

I lose the argument every time.

Another aggravating thing is that clinkers are constantly getting caught in the grate. In order to remedy this, I must let the fire go out and then crawl halfway into the furnace to get the offending clinkers. I always get caught in the narrow doorway, and one time it looked as though I would have to remain there until I reduced enough to get back out. I was rescued, however, with the help of the neighbors, when everyone took hold of my legs and pulled.

One of the most disheartening things to see is

one or two lone sparks vainly struggling for life. In a case of this kind I have opened all the drafts and put in paper and wood but to no avail. There is a report, probably exaggerated, of a man who watched a sick fire day and night for two weeks, striving nobly to bring it back to life. By the end of that time his children had frozen to death, his wife had run away with the chauffeur, and his partner had ruined the business. Today you will find him at a state institution fighting the Battle of Waterloo.

As I said before, this report is probably exaggerated, but there are thousands of cases almost as bad. To put a stop to all this I am starting the Anti-Furnace Association. We shall have a powerful lobby in Washington and shall influence Congress to outlaw furnaces. Join now! Save America from the furnace menace! We already have hundreds of members, and we will have hundreds more if we can get them away from their furnaces long enough to sign membership cards.

## Philosophy

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*If I might set upon this sheet,  
Stripped of all sham, man's human soul—  
I fear that one might think that I  
Didst tell a great and fearful lie,  
To help man onward to his goal.*

*For each of us sins, not for spite,  
Unless that one a cynic be,  
But weakness prompts our every deed,  
(As Nature aids the little seed.)  
And brings a secret joy and glee.*

*'Tis but for Pleasure and Desire  
That man becomes God's enemy.  
And man doth act on Reason's might,  
As some mad thief who in the night,  
Doth steal, then doth in anger flee.*



# This Age of Noise

## *Adventures in the Second Floor Back—*

By CHARLES GERBER

WHEN I came to Mrs. Murphy's boarding house, looking for a room, I was in very embarrassing circumstances. At the time work was scarce and workers were numerous; I had but little money and no prospects of getting any soon. I had heard that Mrs. Murphy's establishment was one for such an impoverished individual as myself; her rooms were neat and comfortable, but since few modern conveniences were in the place she could not charge a very high rent.

Upon inquiry I found that Mrs. Murphy had a room at a very reasonable price; in fact, the rent was so low that I expected the room to be a mere cubby-hole in the highest regions of the apartment. I was agreeably surprised when I found it to be a comfortable room on the second floor, facing the front, and having the only window opening onto the street.

The room was furnished with cheap and well-worn furniture; yet it had an air of comfort about it that made it seem very attractive to me. Against the rear wall, to the right of the entrance, which was a desk; above this a large calendar was hung. Next to the desk, in the corner, there was a washstand and a mirror; in the other corner there stood a straight backed chair; between the two corners, in front of the window, there was placed a large Morris chair. On the other side of the room, opposite the desk, was a dresser, which was made of imitation walnut, and contained a large mirror. The door of a clothes closet opened out against the side of the dresser. The floor was covered with a well-worn rug, colored a faded red. The only signs of modernity about the room were the radiator under the window, and the electric lights. This old-fashioned, comfortable looking room was the one that I afterwards came to know as the death chamber.

I was soon to learn why I was able to rent such a fine room at such a very low rate. One evening at dinner, one of the other boarders asked me if Murgatroyd's ghost ever disturbed my slumbers. It was then I discovered that the former occupant of my room, a Mr. Murgatroyd, had been found dead in the very room in which I was living.

Later I learned more about Murgatroyd. He had been a brilliant man and had had a very distinguished career in the field of politics; then he became involved in a political scandal; the position he had reached after years of struggle suddenly proved to be a cliff, and he had fallen to the ground far beneath. This blow somewhat unbalanced his mind: he retired from the world and lived an obscure life; he ceased active labor and lived off a small income he had salvaged from his political wreck; he became a misanthropist since he thought that mankind had treated him very unjustly. He was a sort of mystery man to the other occupants of the boarding house for he was a very uncommunicative individual and spent most of his time in his room. One evening he was found dead in this chamber that I had rented. His death, according to the coroner's findings, was due to a cerebral hemorrhage.

I was not a very superstitious person and I rested easy, even though I was continually surrounded by a dead man's furnishings. But I was not to enjoy my freedom from the spirit of Murgatroyd for long.

One evening I was in my room trying to write. Across the street a radio was playing; a neighboring family, enjoying the sense of companionship furnished by a radio, kept their receiver going most of the day and half of the night. As I sat in front of the open window, using the radiator for a desk and the last rays of the departing sun for light, I found that this radio was an annoying distraction. While trying to concentrate my thoughts upon my subject, I accidentally dropped my pencil behind the radiator.

And then it was that I found Murgatroyd's diary. Lodged behind the radiator, and about ten inches above the floor, a book had found a perfect hiding place. This book, the diary of Murgatroyd, with its pages filled with a well written script, was a bitter tirade against the human race and its follies.

As I read it I became acquainted with the writer and the cause of his death. The last entry was dated August third, which date, I subsequently learned, was the one upon which the author had been found dead. This last entry was undoubtedly



written during the last moments of his life, and sheds much light upon the cause of his decease.

"Aug. 3. Oh! that radio. All day it has been playing, always disturbing my thoughts, my rest, and my comfort. Would that all radios were cast in a heap and destroyed!

"But, no! I do not wish that. The radio is a thing of benefit; it furnishes much entertainment, it makes men happier, it educates, it makes men reason. With radio one can hasten necessary communication; it makes neighbors of those that are miles apart; it keeps friends, that are separated by oceans and vast stretches of land, in frequent contact with one another.

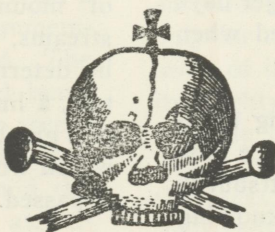
"Yet, although radio has many benefits, it is a thing of annoyance to many. The ordinary man, with his infantile brain, cannot conceive the possibility that he may be annoying others with his radio; he is enjoying the program, therefore everyone else should be enjoying it. He does not know that the radio is an individual instrument, and that the tastes of everyone differ. No, he plays his radio with full volume, letting everyone in the vicinity know that he has a good-toned radio, and that he can get such and such station with much volume.

He seems to be possessed of a spirit of over-generosity; he is not selfish; he does not wish to keep the programs to himself; free of charge he lets everyone in the neighborhood hear the wonderful music he is receiving. What cares he if his neighbor does not like the program he is blasting through the air.

"And now they are giving lessons in etiquette. Bah! Substituting a rote, a foolish system of laws for plain common sense.

"I am distracted; I cannot think connectedly for two minutes with that infernal machine continually dinning in my ears. Would that I had the Algis of Jove and could rain down bolts of lightning upon that maddening instrument...Oh! Oh!...my... head..."

The diary ended in an almost indecipherable scrawl. The man could not stand the heat of so much passion; undoubtedly it was this burst of passion, aided by a natural weakness, that caused the cerebral hemorrhage. A great brain had been rent asunder; the man's room had been a death chamber; and the death-dealing weapon had been a radio.





# Walks On The Wabash

By FRANCIS PFISTER

*This article is of historical interest to many of us. We know little of events that occur nearest to us (the more our shame). But here is a taste from the dynamic Frank Pfister.*

THE EDITOR.

STORIES of great successes are not rare. They are interesting and there is something thrilling about reading of men who have conquered almost insurmountable objects to achieve the goal of their endeavor. Stories of failures are not rare either, nor do they appeal to the average person so much. But the story of a great failure might be more interesting; might hold more interest than the story of many great successes.

This story is the story of a great failure. It is a story of a dream of a great railroad man who dreamed of becoming the dominant figure in the history of railroading in the United States. George Gould, who dreamed of a railroad empire which was to extend from coast to coast. I had been familiar with a little of the history of the Pittsburgh and West Virginia railroad since I was a child, but it was not until several weeks ago that I had the story told to me by a man who in his younger days also dreamed a dream which was shattered when the dream of Gould failed to come true.

It was a warm day in spring, and having nothing else to do I decided upon a walk. Chance took me south of town a mile or so to the Pittsburgh and West Virginia railroad. Without knowing why, I turned east and walking along the railroad crossed the bridge over the Ohio river, into West Virginia. Here a tunnel penetrated the hill and walking through it, I continued along the railroad for several miles, crossing several more bridges and trestles, and through two other tunnels, until I came to a little station, outside of which was seated a man.

Feeling a little tired, I decided to rest a while and then retrace my steps home. I sat down outside the station and in a few moments had struck

up a conversation with this strange man. After commenting on the weather, the condition of the country, our talk drifted to the railroad. I told the man of my pleasant walk along it and commented upon the numerous bridges, tunnels and fills through which I had passed in the few miles I had walked.

The station-master replied that he had lived in that part of the country all his life and well remembered the days before the railroad had been built through into Pittsburgh. I told him that my father had worked on this same road when a young man, and had told me a little of the history of the road, but that I was interested in learning more about it. Then he told me briefly the story of the railroad and the influence it had on his life.

He told me of George Gould, who owned and controlled a number of important railroads in the west and mid-west, and wanted to build a trunk line to reach the eastern cities and the Atlantic seaboard. In time Gould secured control of a number of railroads and finally had linked up the roads until he had control of a complete line from the west to the east except for a gap of 60 miles between Jewett, Ohio, and Pittsburgh. This gap consisted of mountainous country, broken by numerous streams, deep valleys and rugged hills. However, he determined to build a line connecting his system, a line which he hoped would be the final link of a great chain of railroads across the country, and which would dominate the territory through which it passed.

He anticipated heavy traffic on the road once it was completed and realized the necessity of building for future use. No one track railroad would do, THE railroad Gould had in mind would have to be one with a minimum of curves, easy grades, and so constructed that it would withstand the heavy pounding it would be subjected to over the years.

Work was begun on the line and millions of dollars were spent in an effort to build the best piece of railroad in the United States. When that 60 miles of track was laid, it was the best built piece of road in the country. The sixty miles was so



straight that it had only 56 curves. To build the line so straight it was necessary that 17 tunnels be constructed, so that in all five and three-quarter miles of the track was underground, and seven and a half miles of it ran over trestles and bridges. There were miles of the railroad that literally ran from crest to crest over the hills, over long fills which were sometimes 100 feet deep and thousands of yards long. Country roads were abandoned, and new ones built, mountain streams were turned aside, viaducts were built across farms, nothing stopped the engineers who had drawn their inspiration from the dream of Gould. The road was finally completed after expending more than a million dollars per mile of track, but it was undoubtedly at that time the best piece of railroad in the United States.

Men working under Gould and his assistants were inspired by the energy of their "boss" and everyone toiled to overcome the obstacles in the way of the great project. A tunnel (one through which I passed in my walk), slipped during the construction and seven men were buried alive. A bridge across the Ohio at Mingo cost the lives of three men before it was completed. Another tunnel being blasted through the hills was obstructed by a huge strata of rock which threatened to block their path. Since dynamite failed to move it, they dug around it so that today the tunnel curves under the hill so sharply that a person standing in one end of the tunnel cannot see through it, and it is known widely as "crooked tunnel" although on the Wabash railroad map it is designated as simply tunnel number 11.

The great cantilever bridge was the last link of the system to be completed and on July 2, 1902, a great celebration was held in Mingo to commemorate the completion of the 60 miles of road. The bridge was literally covered with flags and bunting, a big field day was held, and two balloon ascensions were on the program. A gold spike was driven into the rails on the bridge and amid the blare of bands, and cheering of thousands assembled to witness the completion of the road James Ramsey, President of the Wabash Railroad formally opened the bridge and rode the first train into Pittsburgh.

Great things were expected of the new railroad, but for some reason the transcontinental trunk line did materialize, and thousands living along the new railroad who expected the new line to bring them wealth, and who had speculated in land, etc., lost everything they had.

The man who had been telling me this stopped. He waited a moment and then pointing to a small

house several hundred yards down the track, told me that as a young man he had left his farm in the hills and come to that place to work on the railroad. The little Station where he now worked was named "Louise, West Virginia," and at the time of the building of the railroad was to be the site of a big roundhouse when the trunk line was completed. The little house he had bought together with 75 acres of land, hoping to profit by the deal when the road was completed. But today, he said, "I couldn't get as much out of that land as I paid for it. It's no good for farming, and if it weren't for my job here at the station, I wouldn't be able to pay the taxes on it."

It was getting late and I had five miles to go before getting home, so I arose to go. I thanked the man for his story, and started west along the railroad. But my walk back home was quite different than when I had come out earlier in the afternoon. I noticed the cuts through the hills, I looked down over precipices as I crossed the bridges, I thought of the men killed in the construction of the tunnel as I passed through it, I crossed the fills between two hills and imagined the men toiling to fill in the valley. Crossing the bridge over the Ohio, I thought of the three men who gave their lives before the bridge was completed. I sat down along the rails and looked up and down the tracks. The rails on one track were rusty, the ties were beginning to rot, and the road was beginning to show signs of depreciation. I tried to imagine it as it was when new—the best piece of railroad in the United States—I pictured in my mind what it might be like, if the dreams of Gould had come true. Mingo and vicinity began to take on an air of romance. I began to realize anew that there was real history surrounding my little home town and it remained only for me to dig into the past for a real appreciation of its historical qualities. The railroad with its mighty bridges, deep fills, and cuts, its tunnels was the lasting monument of the dreams of men which failed to materialize. Like the lost city of the Incas, the railroad stands almost deserted—the thousands who toiled to build it are gone—but still stands the railroad, a symbol of the faith, hope, and dreams of men.

I went home feeling that I had made a great discovery—I didn't know what it was—I don't know yet—but whenever I see the Pittsburgh and West Virginia railroad, whenever I hear it mentioned—my mind will picture more than an ordinary railroad—I'll see the country through which it ran, before the road was built—I'll visualize the hundreds of men toiling to build it—and for me it will always be the story of a failure—but the story of a great failure.



# Chicanery

By RAY BLOSSER

THE depression had done the Vanity Jewelers no good. It was a firm of crafty, sharp-eyed young men, which had steadily built up a reliable trade among the upper middle classes, and was headed by Mike Simms and Jacob Meisner, equally unscrupulous. But now the people would not buy, and with an overplentiful stock in trade and too expensive furnishings, the Vanity was faced by financial embarrassment, if not failure.

Simms was possessed of little character; what little he did have was on the shady side. He was just intelligent enough to do Meisner's bidding, and not bright enough to question it, if he wanted to. He had eyes that were beady and glinting and might cause even some snake uneasiness. Meisner, the dominating force of the partnership, was a character difficult to fathom. Outwardly he was agreeable—no fault could be found with his manners—but underneath was a threatening cruelty to which his partner could testify. Occasionally Simms gathered enough nerve to oppose some dealing of Meisner's, and it was then that the full force of his double-dealing nature was exposed.

Yet the Vanity proprietors had no right to deal with the shrewd Jack Cummings. Of course they didn't remember him, but that's getting ahead of this narrative.

On a dark October day Cummings, an immaculate tall gentleman, sauntered into the Vanity and asked to be shown some diamond rings—"Oh, for about \$1,000. Just a little present for the wife." After glancing at a group rather carelessly, he selected one and withdrew two five-hundred-dollar bills from his wallet. Cummings hesitated, and said, "On second thought I'm going to need this money. Perhaps you will accept a check."

The clerk, named Wall, hesitated. He knew that it was against the rules, but another look at the neatly and expensively attired man and the thought that he really had the money gave him the needed confidence, so he answered, "Certainly." The Vanity could ill afford to lose a sale. The check was duly filled in, and Cummings pocketed the box and walked out of the store.

A half hour later, an excited barber ran into the

jewelry shop. "A man who say he buy a diamond ring from you for \$1,000 just try to sell it to me for \$50," Wall was excitedly informed. He tore his hair, mentally. It required little cogitation for him to discover that he had been tricked. Thoughts of losing his job to the discomfiture of an expensive wife and two similarly doting kiddies filled his mind with confusion. It was fully a minute before he could gather a connected thought.

Calling hastily to Meisner, Wall disconnectedly related the incidents. Meisner was so angry that he all but dismembered the clerk. His eyes assumed a hidden fire and seemed to bulge hideously out of his anthropoid-like head. The barber cringed before the expected attack, as if he had stolen the ring, and Wall's face turned a repulsive white. Even his lips seemed to lose their color. Only the thought that somehow the precious stone might be recovered served to mitigate Meisner's fury.

"Quick," he snapped, "where is this fellow now?" It was more of a command than a question. Meisner's head was spinning; he had fallen into that frenzy which was a characteristic of his when extremely angry. He had just lost more than he could make in two weeks by petty swindling of his customers. The barber finally recovered some part of his senses, and gulped, "Down at my shop. When he try to sell it to me, I tell him wait a few minutes until I get some money, and have Eddie finish cut his hair." There was no doubt but that the swarthy little Italian spoke the truth. Ordering the clerk to stay and watch the business, and cautioning him not to let sharpers bounce any more rubber checks at him, Meisner rushed to the shop, scarcely halting long enough to pick up a policeman.

"I'll make that crook pay," thought Meisner, it never occurring to him that he himself was in the habit of the same execrable practices. "I'll slap him in the jug so quick that he won't know what he's doin'. He can't have had time to hide that ring yet."

The strangely contrasting trio entered the shop, where all six chairs were busy. "There he is," ex-



citedly pointed the barber, "that's the guy what tried to sell me the ring." Cummings inscrutably eyed the three. He made a handsome picture, with his blue eyes, curly black hair, handsome face and a chin which indicated character. Only his nose seemed slightly misshapen, indicative perhaps of being broken at some time or other, and of having been set imperfectly. "Take him in," Meisner commanded the policeman, "He passed a fake check on me." The man made no protest, but insisted that first the barber must finish cutting his hair.

Cummings arrived home later than usual that evening, upon which fact his wife remarked. "Dora," he answered, "I bought a diamond ring today." "For me," she exclaimed, "Let me see it. How'd you know that I have been dying for another one?" "No, not for you," he replied, "I have a little business deal on." At her quizzical look, Cummings said in a reassuring tone, "No, it's not for another woman. I'll tell you about it later."

The first intimation Meisner had that Cummings had been released was when he walked into the Vanity the next morning with a sharp-faced man, whom the most casual observer would say was a lawyer. Meisner gasped, and then that horrible anger returned to his face. He realized that he had been trapped into making a false arrest when his fury had gotten the better of him and he could not think clearly. But there was no use of allowing them to see that he was disconcerted—it was much better to brazen it out as if nothing had happened. The dirty rats!

"Can I wait on you gentlemen," he inquired in a well-lubricated tone, used only when he particularly desired to make an important sale or a pleasing impression. "You know what we want," Cummings said, plainly not approving of fencing methods. The jeweler hesitated, as if undetermined whether to continue his former policy. "Oh, if you like," he agreed, and an air of confidence spread over his countenance, although inwardly he was more than a little perturbed.

On the way to his office, Meisner was irresistibly counting the steps. One. He'd heard that criminals did that when they nervously paced their cells. Two. You could get a long time, even a couple of years for a false arrest. Three. And they could take your money away from you. Four. It wasn't all his anyway. Five. That would mean the end of the jewelry business. Six. Wouldn't his partner be sore. Seven. Simms is a weak-kneed guy anyhow. Eight. He'd have to get out of that counting habit or he'd go nuts—there...

"We want those 100 shares of Dynamite Corp.," Cummings demanded, "or else we will swear out malicious arrest proceedings immediately."

Meisner thought. Maybe he could bluff them out and prove that they had tricked him. Then he could throw **them** into the jug. But even his very thoughts were anticipated.

"We've got more on you than that," Cummings grated in a voice that seemed to pierce through the jeweler. "How about this paste diamond you sold me yesterday. Getting pretty low in funds when you do that, aren't you? Even an expert can't make them so that they can't be detected by another expert."

The victim blanched. The shares had been good when he had gotten his hands on them. But since then the bottom had seemed to fall out, and now they were worth but \$100 a share when they formerly had sold at \$175. He wouldn't be losing a cent, actually, because he hadn't paid for them. Better return them. A crafty gleam came into his eyes.

"Give me back that diamond and wait until I call my lawyer and we'll sign the papers." It was agreed, and the deal was concluded.

A week later, Cummings gave his wife a real diamond ring, and confided the past experience to her, as he did all such secrets which were apt to prove interesting.

"I guess I aroused your curiosity when I told you about another ring about a week ago," he remarked, whimsically. "Let me tell you about it."

"I went into a jewelry place called the Vanity about a month ago and ordered a beautiful pearl necklace for you. I didn't have much money with me and unfortunately the check account was overdrawn, when it suddenly came to me that I had 100 shares of Dynamite Corp. in my pocket, which were mine but which I bought under a false name. It was a risky thing to do, but I left them as a deposit, and when I went back a day later the clerk disclaimed all knowledge of them. I had thoughtlessly forgotten to ask for a receipt, thinking that the firm was reputable. I was infuriated, not so much with the loss of the money, although it was something like \$17,000, but with the idea that I had been tricked. Immediately I resolved to get them back, but I had to make sure that the firm would not sell them. I procured the aid of some of broker friends and we all sold short, forcing the stock down about 75 points. Then I tricked the jeweler, a man named Meisner, into a false arrest and selling me a paste diamond and forced him to give me the stock back. Now we're going to run it up again," he concluded.



It wasn't two months later when one of those sensational canvass signs with large letters covered the show windows of the Vanity. Two words express what happened—"Selling Out."

Meisner was last heard of in a hospital for the violently nervous, straining a straight-jacket and

shouting to anyone who would listen how his stock had gone up 5,000 points after he had sold it.

His former partner, Simms, released from the dominating influence of Meisner, is again in business, but unaccountably flies into a rage when the proposal is made that he take in a partner.

## *At The Lighting of the Candles*

By BARRY DWYER

*Candle burning bright  
Within the mystic sanctuary;  
Slender acolyte;  
Mute auxiliary  
Of our aspiration.*

*May thy tongue adoring soar  
In its golden speechlessness,  
While we ecstatic adore  
His hidden face, and bless  
The Perfect, Pure oblation.*

*May thy essence be consumed  
By the ardour of thy flare;  
Fuse in sanctity perfumed  
With our chanted prayer  
To Christ, our one Salvation.*



# The Lure of the Gypsy Trail

By DON SHARKEY

IS there anyone who does not, at times, long to break away from this so-called humdrum existence and travel to the far corners of the earth? We picture ourselves scaling the mighty Alps, standing in awe before the majestic Taj Mahal, or riding a camel across the great Sahara. For the moment we are utterly fascinated, carried completely away by our own imaginings. Then suddenly we hear the door open, and the boss comes in to see if we have typed that last letter; or all at once we become aware of the fact that the professor is still lecturing and we should be taking notes. Thus we find ourselves suddenly transported back to the office or to the classroom, and we enter once more into the routine of every-day life.

For most of us our dreams of traveling to out-of-the-way places will never be realized. When we take trips during our summer vacations we feel that we must go where thousands of other tourists go, see what they see, and do what they do. Somehow it never occurs to us that we could get off the beaten path; or perhaps we are not prepared to put up with the discomforts which such a course would necessitate. Therefore we just continue to dream, or else we travel by proxy. This accounts for the huge popularity of such globe-trotters as Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas, and Richard Halliburton. These gentlemen take us places not visited by the ordinary traveler. The travelogs at our motion picture theaters are popular for the same reason.

Like everyone else I had long dreamed of traveling gypsy-like, not on the railroad, not following the main highway not stopping at hotels, but wandering about not knowing where I was going next. Unlike most people, however, my dreams came true, at least in a small way. Two friends of mine were going to take a tent along and camp every night. They were going to do all their own cooking. Would I go with them?

Would I go with them? What a question! Of course I would go with them. Preparations began immediately. There were many consultations, many telephone calls, much figuring as to what equipment we should take. At length the big day arrived! It was Sunday. Early Mass, a few last minute preparations, fond farewells, and we were off!

The three of us filled the front seat of the roadster while the tent, blankets, and cooking utensils filled the rumble seat. We had no idea as to where we were going. Each morning when we packed up and took to the road, one of us would say, "Well, I wonder what state we will camp in tonight." On each of the first three nights we slept in a different state. I am happy to report that not once did we have to stop at a tourist camp.

The first night found us in West Virginia camped in the yard of a house which was just nearing completion. This was miles from the main highway on one of the mud trails which in West Virginia they humorously call side roads. There was only one other house in sight, and it looked as if it had been deserted for years. The pine forest came down the hillside and stopped abruptly about thirty feet from the house. That night as I lay awake in the tent long after my fellow gypsies had gone to sleep, I heard, for the first time in my life, the call of the whippoorwill. We arose early the next morning lest the workmen coming to finish the house should find us camped in the yard.

Once we camped on Table Rock Mountain, 3000 feet above sea level. That night it stormed as I had never seen it storm before. We were forced to move our tent from the proximity of two dead trees which looked as if they were ready to fall any minute. No sooner had we put up the tent in its new location when the storm broke in all its fury. For a half hour or so there was a heavy downpour of rain—it seemed almost a cloudburst—and frequent flashes of lightning followed by loud claps of thunder. Inside the tent it was dry and cozy. Light was furnished by a kerosene lantern hanging from the tent pole.

The next morning we found that we were camped in the clouds. All about us we could see nothing but heavy white mist. Gradually the clouds lifted, and then we obtained a wonderful view of the surrounding country. Stretched out far below us lay tiny farms, large forests, and meandering streams. In the distance we could see five distinct ranges of mountains one after the other. Without so much as turning our heads we could see one place where a heavy storm was in progress and another where the sun was shining.



One night when we were camped in a woods in Virginia, I was awakened by the rattling of pans outside the entrance to our tent. I looked out just in time to see some sort of animal disappear around the corner of the tent. We had left our pans out there without washing them (oh we intended to wash them in the morning), and this animal had apparently found something to his liking in the bottom of one of them. I was about to doze off again when I heard the pans rattling once more. Once more I looked out, and once more our caller disappeared. I lay awake a long time awaiting his return, but this time he did not come back. So I never got a good look at our mysterious nocturnal visitor.

We spent a few hours in Washington, D. C. While there we went through the Capitol, walked to the top of Washington Monument, visited the Lincoln Memorial, and took a ride on an open air street car. By that time we were ready to leave. Washington was so hot, so dirty, so crowded. That afternoon we took to the open road once again, and that night found us camped among the pine trees with Washington far behind us.

After Washington we went through a section of old Virginia and then doubled on our tracks for a short distance returning home by way of Pennsylvania. One night we were camped in the Pennsylvania oil fields where we could see six oil wells from our tent, and the next night we were back in Middletown sleeping in our own beds.

We prepared our own meals on this trip. We would stop at a store in a small town and buy enough supplies to do us for several meals. Then when we camped for the night we would build a fire and make our coffee and cook whatever there was to cook. We would eat our breakfast before leaving in the morning. Sometimes in the middle of the day we would stop at a schoolyard or at a churchyard and eat our lunch. Only twice did we buy our meals. In Washington we decided to be very ritzy and eat in a restaurant, and so we ate at the lunch counter in Woolworth's. The other occasion was when we were nearing home and had no supplies left. That time we stopped at a filling station and bought some ham sandwiches.

This is the cheapest—the entire trip cost us just ten dollars apiece—and the best way to travel. There is something strangely intriguing in wandering about the country not knowing where you are going next and not caring a great deal as long as you keep going. This way you get off the beaten path; you see things the ordinary traveler misses. Of course we were not gone long and we did not go so very far. Such a trip would be tame to Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas, or Richard Halliburton. We had a wonderful time, though, and that is all that is necessary. Besides, perhaps we can go farther next year, through the West, or Canada. Then, after that, who knows? Yes, I feel the lure of the gypsy trail.





# "Punch Goofy"

*"Atropos Severs"*

By RAY BLOSSER

THEY were holding a benefit for old "Punch Drunk" Attell. Attell, I suppose I'll have to explain to some of you youngsters, was one of the veterans of the fight game who was spending his time cutting out paper dolls. The explanation? Attell was "punch simple." He absorbed too many, although I don't have to explain that he got the cash customers on their feet and pulling their hair every time he stepped into the ring. Attell had a slashing style. He never stopped throwing lefts and rights, but used his head to block the other pug's punches. Eventually, they got him.

I want to tell you about this benefit. It was one of the most wig-raising fights that I ever saw, and a lot of other New Yorkers who planked down five bucks said the same thing. It was a real grudge fight, not one of those things you see advertised in the papers every week.

I'll let you in on the secret behind the grudge. When Attell was at the top of the heap, a young kid joined my stable. He went by the moniker of Pete O'Rourke, although I just called him "The Kid." The boy then was just another punk who had showed a little promise over in Jersey in those small-town preliminaries which they called main events, and where the boys were lucky to get their ten bucks after the fight was over. Somehow Attell took a shine to the kid and began to pal around with him. While training and while loafing you could always find them together. Even a swell-looking dame couldn't have separated them. Not that any dame would've tried, because neither was worth a second look.

Well, old Attell showed the kid all of the tricks he had picked up, and pretty soon he began winning fights for me. The kid was working up a left which was second only to Attell's, and here I was thinking that I had another nice meal check to take the place of Attell after he began getting old. He went up from prelims which hardly anyone came in time to see to small-time headliners when bad luck hit me hard.

Attell was up against Shifty Longo one night and Longo socked Attell so hard that he drove Attell

"punch goofy." The kid was broken-hearted for a long while. I couldn't get him to fight for two months and it was nearly a year before he got his old pep back. But that kid was just fighting for a chance at Longo. He vowed again and again that he would put Longo just where the latter had put Attell.

After a little while O'Rourke had knocked off quite a few of the first-raters and also a bunch of ham and egggers. He took Sid Smith in four rounds, got rid of Willy Gibbs in the second and walloped Kid Taylor in ten stanzas. I had him let Taylor go the limit because we didn't want to ruin him as a drawing card. So he was about ready for Longo, which was a trial against a real top-notcher.

I'm afraid that I took Longo too lightly. I should've known better after the way he treated Attell, and should've given the kid more experience against easier pugs, but we wanted to get Longo. In fact, he was to the point where it was Longo or nothing. Longo was what is known as a slow killer. He didn't knock 'em out with one clean punch, but dragged things on, seeming to get a kick out of cutting up his men in small pieces, in driving them "sock silly." So if a man ever had it coming to him, Longo did. Even though I don't like him, he sure has a way of getting his opponent. He had a peach of a left, and his right is nothing to close your eyes at.

Anyhow I matched the kid against Longo. It was the kid's chance, and as luck would have it the boxing com. decided it was to be a benefit for old Attell, who was rotting his time away cutting out paper dolls. The kid went around to see him every once in a while, and Attell always knew him, although they had to keep him strapped up in a corset most of the time.

The time for the fight came around and the kid was in fine condition. I watched him close to see that he didn't overtrain. Not me takin' any chances on losing the fight for my man before he gets into the square. They're in the pink when I manage 'em, and no overtraining either.



The kid started off with a rush. He knocked Longo all over the ring, and had him down twice in the first. Boy, but the kid was fighting a real battle. He was crossing and feinting like only Longo could, and Longo was falling for them like a sucker. Longo looked terrible, worse than the kid did when he came to me. But somehow he couldn't keep the old fox down. Every time he flopped, he took the full nine count. This kept up until about the fifth round when the kid began to tire. Maybe he got disheartened when the mug wouldn't stay down. I kept telling him every round to take things easy, but he wouldn't listen to me. Then Longo began to prove that he was foxy as he was supposed to be, and that all of those long hours that he had spent in the ring hadn't been wasted in sleeping. He started in the sixth and began to take the play away from the kid. The kid was game, but from then on he was beaten, and beaten badly.

At the end you wouldn't have recognized him—he had taken one of the same kind of butcherings that Attell had.

I wish that I could say that he came back and knocked Longo out in a later fight, but he didn't. Don't ask what happened to him, for we've kept it quiet so far, but between you and me, the kid is keeping Attell company. It's too bad, but I can't do anything about it. Maybe some day a doc will hit on a way to fix 'em up, and maybe I can finish this story with the kid coming back. But I'm afraid that it'll have to be pretty soon, for Longo can't last so long any more.

Or maybe sometime soon I'll hold a benefit for the two of them, for somehow I can't figure them being apart. Maybe I'll get another good meal ticket one of these days, but I'll sure keep him away from this Longo, if he's still around.

## My Future

By EDWIN SAUER

*I shall be waiting after the years,  
High on a hill, in my search for you,  
Hoping that you'll remember me  
And realize that my love is true.*

*I shall be waiting, singing your song,  
Hearing its echo in valleys below,  
Seeing the clouds to its melody move,  
Just as I did not long ago.*

*I shall be waiting, you will not come.  
You will not care for my love then as now.  
You will not find in my memory dim  
Passion, but warmth for a friend, somehow.*



# Freshmen

## *The First Freshman Article*

By R. W. LAUTERBACH

WE are college students now. True, we're only freshmen, but nevertheless we flatter ourselves that we are members of the University of Dayton student body. We came here last month from all parts of the country and even from abroad, most of us fresh from high school or prep school, some of us a trifle cocky over the fact that our schoolboy days were over, and that we were now men, some of us awed by the strangeness of it all, a few of us a bit apprehensive, but all of us looking forward to college life.

To different ones, college life means widely different things. It is too varied and presents too many different sides for one student to even glance at them all, much less to participate in them. To one student college means only studying, working, always striving for scholastic honors, while another's chief interest may lie in extra-curricular activities of a physical or intellectual nature calculated to build up his character and leadership, activities which are of benefit not only to himself but to the university as well. Although we do not like to admit it, there is another type of student who in all probability exists here as well as upon the campus of every other college in the world, who, unfortunately for himself and for the school, neither applies himself in the class-room, nor lends himself to any progressive or worthwhile extra-curricular activities. He is the man who ridicules the honor student, razzes the team when it loses, and criticizes the faculty. He adopts a cynical attitude toward the whole school, and is in short the kind of student who is not wanted here at the U. of D.

The freshman class will have its share of all types of students, and while there may be some undesirables among them, they will soon eliminate themselves by their actions, or assimilating some of the spirit of the school, change their ways, and become real representatives of their school.

It is in regard to this phase of college that the upper-classmen, especially the sophomores, have an important part to play, a part which becomes an obligation to the university and to themselves. The sophomores should, and undoubtedly do, feel it a duty to take the freshmen in hand, and aided and supported by the faculty, teach them something of the university, its ideals, its spirit, its traditions.

The freshmen class came into the school a trifle apprehensively, with memories of tales told by older

relatives and friends, of all manner of hazing, of fierce battles between freshmen and sophomores, and of the traditional rivalry and antagonism between the classes. However, instead of the old-fashioned hazing, we found that a new policy had been adopted, a policy whereby the sophomores, instead of becoming our oppressors, constituted themselves our guardians, and took it upon themselves to make us, in as short a time as possible, an integral part of the student body.

This is, in itself, a task of no mean proportions. To take many separate groups of raw, callow freshmen, new and knowing next to nothing about the school they are attending, and welding the many groups into one body which has proper knowledge of the school and the pride which such knowledge imparts, and further, to do this in the short time allotted, is a task to test the mettle of any class, but nevertheless a test from which the class of 1934 has come forth with colors flying.

The sophomore class is to be commended upon the dispatch and thoroughness with which they performed their job of initiating the freshmen into the mysteries of college life. Instead of giving way to the natural urge to have some fun by dumping a few freshmen into the river, or otherwise amusing themselves, they adopted a progressive, fraternal attitude toward the freshmen, an attitude which has drawn favorable comment from both student publications throughout the country and from outside sources as well. The result is that there is a more friendly feeling between upper and lower classmen, and the sophomores have succeeded in securing the cooperation of the freshman class as a whole in all the activities they have undertaken to date. Such a spirit is highly desirable, and is, we hope, up to the expectations of the sophomores who did the work of kindling it. It is to be hoped that the esprit de corps of the class of 1935, as evidenced by their cheering at the game so far, which was of a caliber not heard for years, their support of the year book, and the willingness with which they entered into the initiation program, is carried into their future years in school.

In closing, we honestly feel that the sophomore class has done the freshmen, the school, and themselves a good turn and we heartily hope they receive the commendation which we feel to be their just due.



# The Engineering Profession

By CHARLES F. MAHLMANN

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, a prominent industrial engineer, made the statement that engineering is a profession so old that it has never been successfully traced to its beginning. From the days of the Pharaohs of Egypt, their inclined planes, levers, and pulleys used in the construction of their pyramids, engineering has found its way down through the centuries to the present phase of the world's history. Today, in this country and throughout the world, men are conceiving, planning, building, great skyscrapers, huge bridges, enormous dams—a thousand and one projects of significance and interest to thousands of people. But we are not so much concerned with the history and evolution of engineering as we are with the select, ever-increasing band of men—the engineers of the present day. May engineering be called a profession and may the engineer be termed a professional man? This is a very much debated question and arguments are constantly being advanced for and against the recognition of engineering as a profession. The word itself signifies the possession of special knowledge along technical or practical lines and the application of this knowledge for the increased safety, comfort, or benefit of humanity, by way of instruction, advice, guidance or service. It will be seen at once that the three professions of medicine, law, and the divinity conform to this requirement, but it is also possible to include the engineer in this group of professional men. His job is the practical application of the pure sciences to suit the needs of man. He is to remove from the test-tube of the chemist, the laboratory of the physicist, and from the manuscripts of the mathematician, the raw material of thought and discovery developing them to fit the molds of daily use. All the great engineering feats of the past and present are the result of carefully formulated ideals which have been nourished, developed and finally transformed into a material reality.

The engineer, due to his practical experience and early theoretical training, has a deep-rooted faith in basic and fundamental principles. Most people are inclined to believe that he is an exacting, plodding, type of individual, devoid of any imagination or conception, but this is not the case, for if any type

of mind is creative, imaginative and conceptive, it is that of the engineer. There is no other field of work in which these three factors play so important a part.

A prominent engineer has said that we are present in the economic phase of the world's history. To cope with the ever-increasing problems of today, "We need men," says President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, "whose minds are stimulated to activity in consideration of present day problems under restraint of the past and under spur of imagination as to the possibilities of the future."

The field of engineering work includes all of those branches of service and work which have to do with the utilization of natural resources. The engineer is the professional man making possible the utilization of the fruits of these natural resources. The complexity of problems demands a clear conception, a thorough examination of every new project, and a critical and analytical viewpoint. Hence the idea that the engineer is not creative, imaginative and conceptive is untenable.

The duties of an engineer are manifold. He may be called upon to investigate the conditions governing a project, and modify and transform them to meet certain standard requirements. He may be acting in the capacity of an advisor or constructor in which case his work consists in prescribing the manner and methods of construction as well as to see that the required results are attained. Often, after completion of the project, it is up to him to see that the work properly fulfills the function for which it was intended. Again, the engineer is often called upon to give expert legal advice upon a subject. It is therefore naturally very important for the engineer to acquire a knowledge of the fundamentals of law. These legal matters may be of valuable assistance to him in the drawing up of contracts and other papers which are associated with his line of work, and may serve at the same time to protect the rights of his client and himself.

Daniel W. Mead, in his "Contracts, Specifications, and Engineering Relations" gives several reasons for the lack of recognition of engineering as a learned profession. First and foremost is their lack of activity along other than technical lines. An-



other, which may be classed as an important argument is failure of the engineer, while in college, to realize the real demand for initiative and leadership, not for mere technical or theoretical training, and a consequent failure to study along broader lines. It is readily seen that to obtain publicity of any type at all, the engineer must be a ready speaker; he must be skilled in debate, and unfortunately, very few of them are capable of so to say "delivering the goods" or to do any writing of a popular and non-technical kind. All these may seem to be of minor importance to the young engineer, but sooner or later he will be called upon to discuss a problem for the benefit of non-technical men, to describe his work before a group of individuals, and find himself at a complete loss, due to the fact that his early training comprised very little or none

of the finer arts of public speaking, debating, composition, and English in general.

There are likewise four factors which engineers at the present time are striving for. They are proper recognition, more adequate compensation for their services, an increase of professional knowledge, and the proper adjustment of the number of recognized engineers to the progress of the country.

These are slowly but surely being materialized, since the world at large is realizing the need for the engineer. He is continually striving for the benefit of mankind, for the advancement and practicability of science. However, he is in need of co-operation—he must have the encouragement and not the rivalry of the non-professional man. With this, he is enabled to further his work, to raise his ideals to a higher plane, and in general increase the glory of the engineering profession.

## *To Tschaikowsky*

By EDWIN H. SAUER

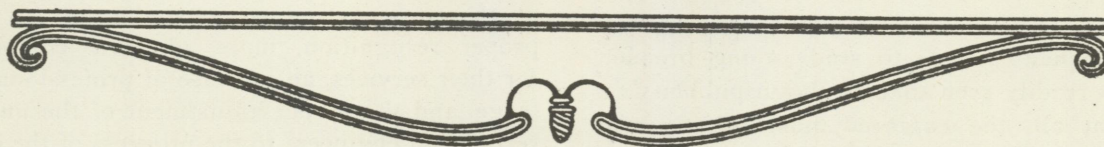
*I might call thee master  
Of the symphony,  
Still I choose to call thee  
Man of tragedy.  
Thou today respected  
As a god of art  
Thou who knew the sadness  
Of a troubled heart.*

*Giving to thy music  
Such a wealth of life;  
Picturing the sadness  
Man displays in strife.  
Thou who made melodic melancholy  
Thought;  
Sharing the experience  
Which to thee was brought.*

*Thou wert life's musician.  
Thou who found a power  
In the pain and grief of time  
Quickened by each hour—  
Russian, thou hast brought to me  
Perfect Consolation.  
Thou who knew the pangs of fear,  
And of desolation.*



# EDITORIAL



BARRY DWYER, Editor-in-Chief

## Contributing Editors

DON SHARKEY

RAY BLOSSER

THOMAS DEVINE

CHAS. HELDOERFER, Exchange Editor

DR. LAWRENCE BOLL, S. M., Faculty Supervisor

## THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

Some day, before I grow to be stodgily self-satisfied and dull; before the tongue of my wrath is dulled, and the eye of my memory dimmed, I shall write an article. This article should be interesting; it should also be instructive. It shall be on the trials, tribulations, pleasures, amusements, days and deeds of an editor of a college literary magazine. It shall contain colorful anecdotes and be illustrated with pen and ink drawings.

What would make such piece of writing interesting? Not the life of the editor, for his personality ceased to be attractive immediately after his first issue. From that time on he became a blue pencil mark, a sad, reproachful look, and a patch of distractedly torn hair. People evaded his gloomy countenance and marked him for a man of sorrow. He became another Enoch Arden, clutching at stranger's lapels, fixing them with a baleful stare, dunning them for a story, an essay, a verse, anything printable. Those friends, unfortunate enough to have been hypnotized into putting thought to paper, left the school because of his persistent persecution. Now, in his degradation, we see him shamelessly taking papers from ashbarrels. Such is the power of the printed word.

Let us go back to the beginning of this little tragedy. Believe me, he was not always thus. I can see him as he rejoiced in the full vigour of his youth, at the time of his appointment. He was full of hope, ambition, and trust in his fellow students. He spoke of the return of the Golden Age; he edited mentally, lengthy, brilliantly written articles; he placed

his hat on his head like a wreath of laurel and strutted the boards of his imagination. Then he called a meeting of his staff. Here we drop the curtain on the first act.

He had not been discouraged when only three harassed writers, the faculty supervisor, and one non-combatant with a chair-creaking complex came to that first meeting. He was optimistic; he was sure that the time had been misunderstood; he was genially fat-headed. But to make sure that the material for the first number of the magazine would be forthcoming, he flitted from flower to flower in the garden, taxing each for a burden of honeyed thought. Little did he think, in his innocence, that most of the flowers were poison ivy and fruitless weeds. Time passed and the magazine was not forthcoming. Finally came a Good Samaritan. Together, he and the editor filled up most of the space.

In this manner things went on for several months. Sometimes it was a little more difficult, sometimes a little easier. Sometimes aid came from unexpected sources, sometimes a repulse. Gradually the magazine forged ahead. The work improved; regularity became the motto. However, something was lacking. Everyone of the faithful felt its absence. This something was comment. They did not know whether their offerings were well received or not. Not a word of praise or blame. So the editor once more hied himself to the haunts of men. There, like Haroun, he lurked in odd corners to eavesdrop on the students. The magazine was never mentioned. He became bolder and threw



out hins. The hints were ignored. Then he asked point blank. The answer was polite, but: Don't you think that you favor certain writers too much? Why not give the others a chance? And then something snapped!

The next year opened with the same editor still in command. He was slightly hopeful. The past year could be considered a success. He called a meeting—

There, my friends, you have the inside story. Do not, in the name of charity, cast stones at this poor remnant. Permit him to go his mumbling, finger-nail-chewing way to graduation.

\* \* \*

You would think after that effort that your editor (no, no, your editor, not the one in the above picture) would have nothing more to say, but it so happens that he has. The summer brought an abundance of ideas with no way to express them adequately, save perhaps street corner oratory. In times like these street corner oratory flourishes. I do not know which I would rather listen to, a street corner orator, or a honky-tonk spieler. But there is one other form of propagandist that is more interesting than all the rest. He is the chance met theorist. The chance met theorist is always an ardent arguer although never a clever debater.

Some of my most pleasant acquaintances in this category were: The little man who appeared on one side like a rabbit pulled from a hat and who urgently bade me destroy machines, which, according to his repeated assertions, were the cause of all human suffering. Then there was the young man who earnestly assured me that materialistic evolution was a proved fact, and who was obviously ill acquainted with his subject. This young man, when accused by the facts, asserted boldly that he read six hours a day, which would have left him no time for thought. Next comes the jolly Falstaffian figure that took up a whole street car seat, and had a great deal of amusement over feminine antics. He was obviously a bachelor of the half wish-I-did half

glad-I-didn't type. Then the lady from the fake healing temple. But that was not so amusing. It had the foundation of either a tragedy or a criminal prosecution.

This could go on forever, but it is going to stop

\* \* \*

right here. The moral is of course: if you want to enjoy life, strike up an acquaintance with the mail-man.

\* \* \*

Let us gather in a circle and pray devoutly that the year will be a success. Last year we made many plans. We have carried out some, others are still unfinished. The stage is now cleared for a bit of snappy action. The particular part of the action which is about to be touched upon now is nothing more nor less than the Annual.

Last year the early issues of the *Exponent* carried a series of editorials on a prospective year book. At the same period this year the book is an accepted thing, but there is one difficulty—money. The subscriptions haven't been rolling in as they should. Four hundred has been set as the minimum amount and so far this number is far from being complete. Those in charge cannot continue with the work if pockets are not loosened up just a little bit.

tI would be disgrace to the Senior Class and to the school if the *Daytonian* after making so much headway had to be discontinued because of a lack of funds. However, I do not think that the situation will become so desperate. The subscriptions will be forthcoming, and then, just listen to the wheels.

\* \* \*

There is nothing left to do, but to shut up for another month. Just one more remark. We are seriously handicapped in the publication of this magazine. We have no facilities that facilitate the work. But with the aid of Providence we will see you again next month.





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ENGINEERS

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HARRY F. FINKE, '02  
*Finke Engineering Company*  
Dayton, Ohio

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DENTISTS

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DR. LEON DEGER, '10  
Fidelity Building  
Dayton, Ohio

DR. FRANCIS GAYNOR, '15  
Brown and Warren Sts.  
Dayton, Ohio

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*Thanks!*  
*We Saw Your*  
*Ad in*  
*The Exponent*



Henry didn't rate with Mae,  
Nor Tom, nor Jack, nor George, nor Will,  
But she was waiting at the gate  
When Johnny phoned from Circleville.

THE OHIO BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

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